

The Several
QUALITIES
OF THE
British Court,
Characteris'd.

D. of Marlborough,
E. of Godolphin,
The Lord Chancellour,
E. of Pembroke,
D. of Somerset,
D. of Newcastle,
D. of Devonshire,
D. of Richmond,
E. of Lindsey,
L. Wharton,
L. Summers,

L. Orford,
D. of Ormond,
L. Hallifax,
E. of Sunderland,
L. Granby,
L. Hartington,
L. Kingston,
L. Mordaunt,
L. Stamford,
L. Portland.

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Several Qualities of the British- COURT, &c.

BRAVE *Marlbro'* who preserves our Capitol,
A new *Camillus* to the Vaunting *Gaul*.

Each Age with boist'rous Hotspurs does abound,
And the rash Brave in ev'ry Soil is found.
The Turband *Turk*, and shaggy *Cossack* dare
Provoke the *Sword*, and run amidst the *War*.
Let the fermenting Blood a while beat high,
And ev'ry eager Fool knows how to die.
But *Marlbro'*s Valour Reason does asswage,
Tempers his *Soul*, and qualifies his *Rage*.
Courage and *Conduct* here united meet,
To make the *Soldier* and the *Chief* compleat.
Such was the MAN the *Latian* Bard design'd,
He mix'd two Hero's of a different Kind,
And *Homer*'s blended *Greeks* in one *Aeneas* join'd.

Come, sacred *Sewers*, all your Numbers raise,
Your various *Verses*, various *Layes*,
To Celebrate the Noble Patriot's Praise.

But oh the Debt ! the Debt's too large,
For these Insolvent Muses to discharge.

No, should they strip the Flowry Spring,
And thence a Ninefold Chaplet bring,
Bright Honour never will allow,
The Garland Worthy of his Brow.

Yet 'tis *Britannia*'s Duty to confess,
Tho' with unequal Thanks, her Happiness,

And Thee, *Godolphin*, ever Bless :

Yes, Thee, Thy Grateful Country will proclaim
The Anchor of her Hope, and Pillar of her Fame.
For You disperse the Winter-Storms, and bring,
In kind Exchange of Cold, and Night,

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The

The Joys of Solar Warmth and Light,
And All the Blessings of the Spring.

The Kingdoms Strength returns, and in Its Face,
Where Fatal Symptoms We could trace,

The Florid Signs of Health We view,
And the Great Cure We attribute to You.

Thus Pleasure in the public Aspect Smiles,
And all Foreboding jealousy beguiles :

At Ease, as in a Calm We lye,
Tho' War at distance lets Its Thunder fly
And Mars's Fury never swell'd so High.

Anna asserts the justice of the Skies,
By the Rhine's Triumphs, and the Danube's Spoils,
By all the Trophies of Her Hero's Toils,

Anna does vindicate the Deitys,
With Counsels, Generals, Treasures, She Relieves
Her Wrong'd Allies, and their Lost Peace Retrieves.

If Riches always have been found
The Strength, and SineWS of the War,
How shall their Services be Crown'd,
When manag'd by my Wise Director's Care?
'Tis This that is the Souldier's Sword, and Shield,
And This Secures the Laurels of the Field.
How does Godolphin Bless the British State,
As if, thro' Him, it were Ordain'd by Fate,
These Islands should be nam'd the Fortunate!
But in Destructive Wars, and Times of Need,
We wonder how these Mighty Treasures breed,
Or how the Springs do rise, that such a Current feed.
What shall we his Amazing Conduct call?

O Nice Sagacity! That makes
Such Distant wonders meet,
The Frugal, and the Liberal,
The Generous and Discreet.

O Modesty! which such a Circuit takes,
To scatter Benefits on All,

And yet, like Dew, in Silent Bounty fall.

O strange Increase! that, like the Nile, can spread
Its Flowing Favours, yet conceal Its Head.

Enliven'd by his Timely Aid,
 Transacting *Blenheim*, on *Ramillia's* Plain,
 Our Valiant Troops an Early Harvest made.
 By him our Fleets support the Naval Crown,
 And our Bold Seamen Meditate Renown,
 Designing Greater Triumphs ore the Main.
 These Glorious Actions justify my Fame,
 That *Plutus* can be neither Blind, nor Lame.
 The *Wise Godolphin* gives me wings to Fly,
 Or, if He thinks it Fit, to lay them by :

Thus, as Demands of Honour call,
 I am prepar'd to answer All.

With a strict Eye I do my Charge defray,
 And Merit never Empty goes away.
 Hence they, who to my Offices repair,
 And Prudence evermore Presiding see,
 Conclude no other Deity
 Can be a Stranger there.

How shall such Skill, and Care be duly Prais'd?
 This is the Fund, on which Our Funds are rais'd.
 No Factious strife with Representatives,
 The more the Generous *Senate* gives,
 The more the People's pleas'd,
 Assess'd for Common Good, and by their Taxes eas'd.
 The *Sovereign*, and the *Subject* of one Mind,
 In Bands of Mutual Love, by Mutual Trust combin'd ;
 Her, as their *Royal Parent*, they Revere ;
 Them, as Her children, She delights to Clear.
 The *Treasury*, as Magazene of *Wealth*,
 Receives the *Publick Store*, for *Publick Health*,
 From the Recruited *Stomach*, thus are sent
 Remittances of Circling Nourishment ;
 And thus, from the Replenish'd Ocean's Bed,
 His Tributary *Springs* with New *Supplies* are Fed.

How justly is the Nation's *Wealth* Employ'd ;
 Not rais'd by Vicious Courses, nor Destroy'd !
 At Court, what Turn of Manners now is seen,
 Most worthy of the Most *Religious Queen* !
 And when surrounded by Her Noble Train,
 VWho can the Dazzling Sight sustain !

A Constellation they appear,
And *She* the Glorious Ruler of the *Sphere*.

The Court is Center of Her Rayes ;
But farther yet Her Bright Example shines,
And *Reformation* thro' the Realm conveys ;
The City to the Royal Mode inclines.
Such is Her Empire's Present Happy *State* ;
And to Defend it from Assaults of Fate,

Devoutly thus *Britannia* Prays :

That long her *Darling Queen* may Reign,
And long Her faithful Ministers retain,
Such skilful Pilots ever keep at Helm ;
And may, to Grace my Province, still remain
Godolphin Guardian of the Realm.

First from Your gen'rous Blood Your Fate we trace ;
And find the Seeds of Virtue in Your *Race* :
Discern how noble *Images* are bred,
And *Honour* rises from the *Purple Bed*.
How *Worth* coëval with Your *Life* began,
The *Patriot* sprung together with the *Man*.

But as You rose to Your *Illustrious Place*,
Joy smil'd in ev'ry nobler *Pleader's Face* :
Contented they submit ambiguous Right.
To Your exacter Judgment's piercing Sight,
By *Love* untinctur'd, and unstain'd by *Spite*
To such a Breast, in native *Honour* strong,
Unwrap'd by *Friendship*, and unbent by *Wrong*.

3

Pembroke adorn'd with ev'ry rarer Art,
A *Statesman's Head*, a *Christian's zealous Heart*.
What curious Knowledge *Ægypt* stain'd of old
On Paper, *Pergamus* in skins enroll'd ;
What fine Inventions *Greece* or *Rome* could boast,
Destroy'd by *Mummius*, or by *Genz'ric* lost ;
Retriev'd by *Pembroke's* learned Search we find,
Compose the rich *Mosaic* of his Mind.

Here *Somerset*, under whose Guardian wing
On *Silver Clam* protected Muses sing.
His own Heroic Faith the Theme supply'd,
The *Pontif's* Legate scorn'd, and *Rome* defy'd.

Here

Here we rich *Crassus* in *Newcastle* find,
As *Julius* Brave, as courteous *Pompey* kind,
In him a safe *Triumvirate* is join'd.

Devonshire, whose Noble Looks his Mind express,
Rouses the *Patriot* in the *State's* Distress.
Factions his vocal *Force* in *Senate* dread,
His Arms in squadron'd *Fields* the *Tyrant* fled.

Here gentle *Richmond*, in whose Face and Breast
His *Father* deep the *Royal Stamp* imprest:
Man to engage, and form'd the Fair to please,
He softens *Majesty* with careless *Ease*.

Here *Lindsey* wears his *Shoulder's* Crimson Pride
With *Loyal Blood* of *Predecessors* dy'd.

VVhen *Persecution*, mask'd like *Zeal*, did try
Religion by *Religion* to destroy,
He made a glorious Stand, his piercing Eyes,
Discern'd the *Fury* in a *Church* Disguise.

Gay *Wharton's* easy Manner unconfin'd,
Yet fix'd the Central Honour of his Mind ;
Still serves the *Publick Scene* and *Britain's* Good :
Vertumnus thus the coy *Pomona* woo'd.

Plump Cheeks sometimes and brisker Eyes confess'd,
He luscious *Mus't* from *Purple Clusters* press'd.
Sometimes with *Ceres* Gifts a Reaper show'd,
A whistling *Plowman* with a pointed Goad,
Or feign'd an *Angler* with a taper Rod.
Yet in each *Change* his constant *Flame* he serv'd,
And still the *Lover* and the *Good* preserv'd.

VVhen *Somers*, equal to his weighty *Trust*,
Like *Phocion* *Good*, like *Aristides* *Just*,
VVith *conscious* Virtue bold, in popular Hate
View'd *Aristides* Flight, or *Phocion's* Fate.

His Crime *Partition's* healing League advis'd,
In equal Scales and *Europe's* Empire poiz'd.

To *Orford*, the *Duillins* of our Fleet,
VVhen 'twas a Crime th' insulting *French* to beat ;
Tho' the *Prætorian* Sun *la Hogue* did view
Glitt ring with pained Flames, but burnt with true.

With nice Politeness valiant *Ormond* shines,
Like *Scipio* Peace adorns, and *War* refines. Harmo-

Harmonious *Hallifax* in Guilt was join'd,
By sacred Friendship link'd, and Publick Mind ;
In the same Arts of polish'd Life refin'd.
Fit to advise a Prince ; advis'd, to praise ;
Mecenas Head for *State*, and *Virgil's Lays*.

None better in the Nation's low Extreme
Contrives a *Model*, or projects a *Scheme*.

'Tis *Hallifax* finds out a letter'd *Mine*,
And transubstantiates Paper into Coin.

Strait a new Life sprung from the Fairy Gold,
Circled into Trade, and in free Commerce roll'd,
The furbish'd Spear grew bright, the Warrior bold.

Ungrateful Spite thus *Hallifax* engag'd,
With Safety vext, with Benefits entrag'd
And tho' a *Siren* warbles in his Song,
Tho' *Tully* pleads in his persuasive Tongue ;
Yet deaf to plaints, with Prejudices arm'd
Faction grew *Adder* more, the more he Charm'd

To *Brutus* Glories *Sunderland* does rise,
But Brighter far his Chaste *Lucretia's Eyes*.
These *Tarquin's Lust* to Worship had subdu'd :
She faintly charms who finds a Lover rude.

But *Granby* in the *Senate's Rule* was join'd,
Kings to support by *Kindred Blood* inclin'd.
His Princely Race shines in his Noble Air,
A true *Plantagenet* without a *Bar*,
Yet by his tender Breast, and Pity's show'd,
The *Royal Stream* from softer *Woman* flow'd.
Should kinder Heav'n a *Halcyon* Peace diffuse,
He'd court in learned *Shades* a Rural Muse.
Roscommon's Art, and *Rochester's soft Ease*
Melt in his Verse, and in the Mixture please :
By Verse to tuneful *Rochester* ally'd,
Yet lives with all the *Innocence* he dy'd.

But when *Sedition's* storms distract the Realm,
And louder Danger calls him to the *Helm* :
VVhen Burgeses o'er trampled *Peers* prevail,
And sink all Pow'r into the *Commons Scale* :

When

VVhen *Synods* mad with *Schism*, with *Faction* blind,
To sthay the *Church's Fall*, the *Pillars* min'd ;
Then to avert the sinking Nation's Fate,
He starts to *Bus'ness*, and he springs to *State*.

Your Charge resign'd by this Great Pair supply'd,
So skill'd to Manage, and so strong to Guide.
To the first *Council's* higher *Orb* you rose,
VWhere *Honour* dress'd in flaming Purple glows.
No Rabble Votes elect a Member here,
Factious and loud to represent the *Shire*.
But long Descent of rich *Patrician* Blood
The *Station* gives, and stronger Pulse to Good :
Or Publick Virtues to this *Summit* raise :
Glory's the *Pyramid*, but worth the *Base*,
Rugged with *Trophies*, and inscrib'd with *Praise*.

To *Hartington* in early Camps explor'd,
With *Cæsar's* Force to speak, and *Cæsar's* Sword ;
Brave by Descont, to Loyal Firmness Heir,
ANNE trusts Her *Sacred Person's* watchful Care.
Weary'd with Publick weight She safely sleeps,
Whilst *Hartington* the Guard with *Angels* keeps.

Mordaunt Marcellus with a kinder Fate ;
Stamford Fabricius with a little Great.
Reviving *Drusus* gen'rous *Kingston* shows ;
Agrippa's Naval Crowns bind *Durfly's* Brows.

What painting Muse can *Portland's* Merit draw,
Faithful *Achates* to the great *Nassau* !
That grateful *Heroe* sav'd, the timely Aid
Confess'd by *Titles*, but with *Friendship* paid.

Such Arts, such Virtues Royal *ANNE* induce,
The *Virtues* to reward, the *Arts* to use.
But e'er the *Senate's* Helm in storms you leave,
Granby and *Hartington* the Charge relieve.
By Marriage Brothers, more by *Friendship* ty'd,
By *Virtues's* Consanguinity ally'd.



F. I. N. I. S.

